

Dramatic

all on the home of those they love. "The tie that binds," finally restores peace and happiness to the broken home.

THEATRE GOSSIP

Mrs. Carter's premiere in "Cleo" is to take place in Philadelphia next month.

Lulu Glaser's next play is to be called "The Arrow Club," and is by Sidney Rosenfeld.

Paul Armstrong, the author of the "Held to the Moorah," has been commissioned by George C. Tyler to write a play for Eleanor Robson.

Langdon Mitchell is writing a play for Henrietta Crossman. This was to have been her vehicle this year, but it was not completed in time.

Charles Frohman plans to produce "Peter Pan" in Paris and Australia. He expects to star Maude Adams in the part of Peter during the engagement at the French capital.

During one scene in "Glorious Betsy," Mary Manning appears in her bare

and is said to be a sort of compromise between boisterous farce and subdued comedy. Edna Goodrich, his present leading lady, will be with him in this new venture.

Paul Willbach's play, "Kearney's Pal," has been renamed "The Eastman Case," and will be presented at the Lincoln Square theater, New York, tomorrow evening, exploiting Charles Wright as a star. Katherine Gray, Dorothy Revelt, and George Pawcett will be the leading members of the supporting company.

Robert Mantell has received from Mounet-Sully a superb copy of the latter's prompt book of King Oedipus. In a translation of the French arrangement of the great tragedy, in which he acted here in the season of 1903-1904. On one of the fly-leaves is a dedication to Mr. Mantell by M. Mounet-Sully, headed "Hamlet."

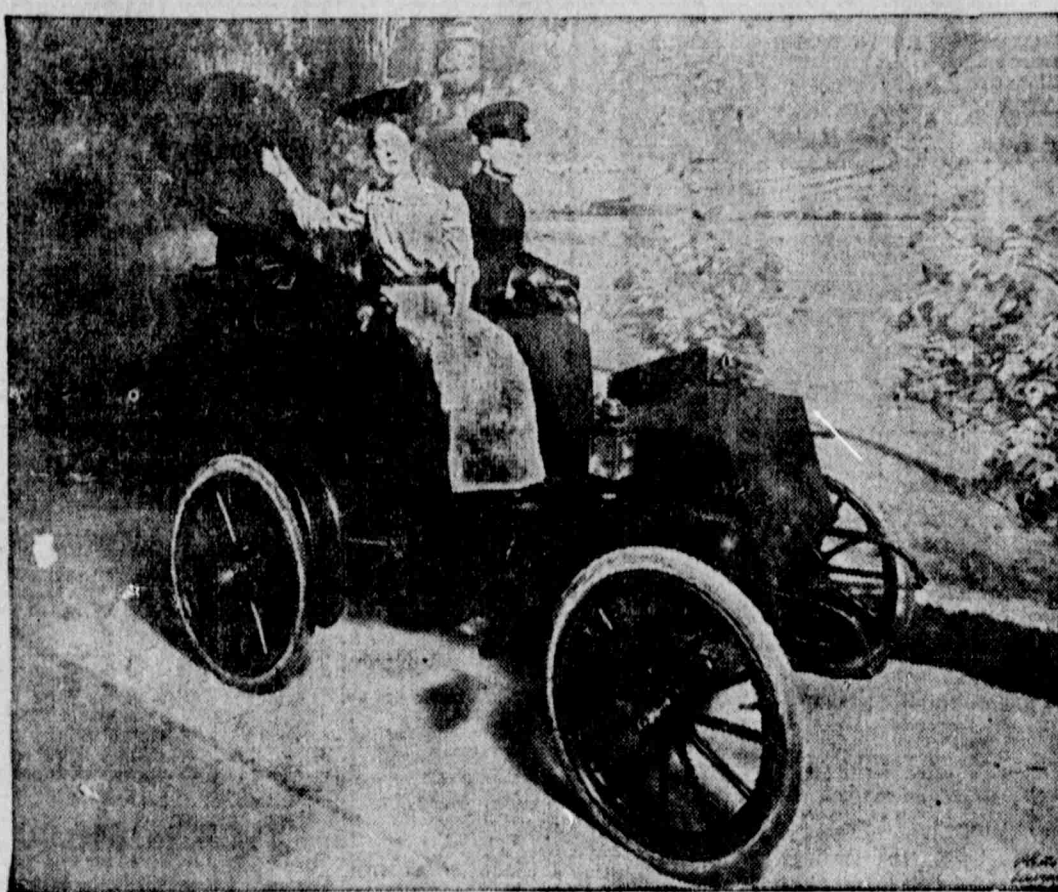
Clay Clement, who recently brought out a play about the character of Sam Houston and the incidents leading up to the Mexican war, will revive the play at New Orleans. He is looking for a stay of a month in the southern metropolis, and in that time



LEAH RUSSELL.

The Belle of the Ghetto at the Orpheum Next Week.

pany at the Lyric have made an immense success and seem certain to be the most popular offering of the season. It is a delight to her admirers to find that she has again



THE THRILLING AUTOMOBILE SCENE

In Liebler & Co.'s Great Production of "In the Bishop's Carriage"—at the Theatre on Monday, Dec. 17th. The Engagement is for Three Nights and Wednesday Matinee.

feet. "Art for art's sake." Yes, and a little bit of realism too, for there is a live team of horses in the production.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who was to have made a tour of this country beginning early in the new year, has abandoned that intention and will remain in England.

Clyde Fitch's new play for Blanche Walsh, was officially named last week. It is to be called "The Straight Road." Miss Walsh will be seen in the play for the first time at the Astor Theater early in the new year.

Frederick Paulding, who is assisting Walter Clarke Bellows at the Chicago Opera House, is at work on a new play he has been commissioned to write for production early in 1907 by Joseph Brooks.

Ellen Terry's American tour, under the management of Charles Frohman, will begin the latter part of January. Her repertoire will include "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" and "The Merchant of Venice."

Lillian Russell is soon to begin rehearsals of a new comedy by Kellert Chambers, which is to have its premiere in Philadelphia during the Christmas season. The play is entitled "Breaking a Butterfly."

Guy Standing, who has been playing in the new People's play, "The Love Route," leaves that cast to be Lena Ashwell's leading man on her tour through this country. Odette Tyler will be starred in the first-named piece.

Thomas Jefferson, son of the late Joseph Jefferson, has made arrangements to present his father's version of "Rip Van Winkle" in Paris later in the season. He will appear himself in the first part. The entire play will be given in French, including Mr. Jefferson's role.

The ashes of Emil Zola are to be transferred to the Pantheon for burial. So the French senate has determined upon. The Pantheon is a magnificent structure in the Quartier Latin, originally a church, but now designed as a museum. Victor Hugo was the first man to be honored by burial there.

St. Vincent's Catholic Church of Chicago, is to have a model theater, capable of seating 1,200 people. The new theater, which is rapidly nearing completion, will open in March under the direction of Edward McGilgan, instructor of dramatic art in St. Vincent's college.

Tyrone Power, best remembered here for his work as Judas several years ago with Mrs. Fiske in "Mary of Magdala," will be seen in vaudeville for the remainder of this season. He will play a strong sketch, now being prepared for him. Edith Crane, his wife, and one or two other players will constitute his support.

Robert Drouet, one of the principal members of the cast producing "The Measure of a Man," which went to cold storage at a very early period this season, is about to venture into vaudeville. He will be seen in a sketch built about one of the many incidents in which Sir Conan Doyle engaged his famous detective, Sherlock Holmes.

Lulu Glaser will be seen in a straight comedy role within a few weeks. Like Francis Wilson, with whom she was associated so many years, she has determined to forego the light opera field for the higher planes of dramatic endeavor. Her new play will be called "The Arrow Club," and is from the workshop of Sidney Rosenfeld.

Nat Goodwin is rehearsing a new play which seems to indicate that his present effort, "The Genius," will be soon abandoned. The new play is called "What a Gentleman Would Do,"

will revive several of his former successes. He will inaugurate the new Shubert theater in that city, under whose management he has now placed himself.

The Countess De La Grange, known on the stage as Lea Dasco, who was a famous beauty during the Second Empire, was found in her room in her zoological garden at Cimiez, a suburb of Nice, France, on Nov. 20, shot through the heart. The countess had recently gone into bankruptcy, but asserted that she had obtained money sufficient to pay her debts. The police think the shooting was accidental.

Owen Davis has practically completed the dramatization of Arthur Stringer's recent novel, "The Wire Tappers," and arrangements are now being made for its production. The dramatist, it is said, has not neglected to take advantage of the novel and up-to-date incident features of Mr. Stringer's story, as besides being a play of the "Leah Kleschna" type, "The Wire Tappers" is likely to prove a novelty on account of its background of electric effects.

When the Shuberts take charge of Daly's in New York, which they will do with the beginning of next season, they generally believed that Henry Miller will be given the management of that house. "The Great Divide," now running at the Princess, in which Mr. Miller and Anglin and Henry Miller are starring, will be the opening attraction. It is more than likely that the Shuberts will give up their share in the Princess when they assume charge of Daly's.

Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan com-

THE PLAY IN NEW YORK.

BY CHANNING POLLOCK.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—If professional critics weren't busy trying other things there would have been reason last week for saying, "The cry is still they come." They—meaning theatrical attraction—came to the number of one musical comedy, two new plays, and so many important grand opera events that nobody without special mathematical training would have tried to keep count of them. This list might not have been formidable at the beginning of the season, but in December, with the Christmas shopping to do, it meant immediate adoption of the strenuous life. The man whose duties were those of dramatic and musical reviewer both must have found himself in the position of the actor who "doubled" the villain and the hero in a melodrama, and got along fairly well until one was supposed to knock the other senseless and run away.

The great big event of the week, of course, was the opening of the Manhattan Opera House, a magnificent structure on Thirty-fourth street, just west of Eighth avenue, in which Oscar Hammerstein intends giving battle to Heinrich Conried. For the first round of the fray Mr. Hammerstein had the services of such singers as Alessandro Bonci and Regina Pinkert, who, with an admirable company and a great orchestra under the direction of Campanini, presented "I Puritani" on the opening night. The audience was a brilliant one, and the new venture was voted a great success. I don't pretend to know anything about opera, and I am honest enough to confess my ignorance, so I

opportunity to call into play her talents in comedy acting, in which she is without a rival. Mrs. Fiske has never been more fascinating than as Cynthia Karslake, the volatile young New York woman who is the heroine of Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea."

"Dream City" probably will be the name of the new offering at Weber's, which, after a brief preliminary tour, will be presented to New Yorkers for the first time on New Year's eve. The book and score are by Edgar Smith and Victor Herbert respectively. The company engaged for the presentation of the piece is an undeniably strong one, and includes such prominent entertainers as Otis Harlan, Cecelia Loftis, Lillian Blauvelt, Cora Tracy, Lillian Lee, Lois Ewell, "Billie" Norton, Maurice Farkas, Will T. Hodge, Frank H. Belcher, and Joe Weber.

This year's Drury Lane pantomime deals with the story of Sinbad the Sailor, to be in two parts, Hickory Wood and Arthur Collins being responsible for the book. J. M. Glover for the music and Mr. Collins for the "production." The story starts in a particularly beautiful scene, representing a Persian garden, whence we are transported to the deck of the vessel in which Sinbad, together with his wife and daughter, set sail in quest of Treasure Island. Later we find all the characters assembled on the black of the famous whale, erroneously supposed by them to be a desert island. Thereafter it is shown how, after a number of exciting and amusing adventures, they reach the marvelous "diamond" valley, a brilliant and wonderful scene.

shall spare you the long technical details of the "circumstances." It may be interesting, however, for you to know that the Manhattan is one of the loftiest, most spacious, and noblest theaters in the world. Lighted and decorated with beautiful dresses, it makes a marvelous spectacle. As the achievement of one man, which it is from back wall to front stage, it is nothing short of marvelous. Mr. Hammerstein could have done nothing to crown more fittingly a life that has been full of theater building, sign machine inventing, music writing, and other activities.

Well-bred English musical comedy always reminds me of well-bred people. Neither is ever going to your memory by the going of anything particularly startling or unexpected, but there is a calm culture and a refinement that is rare in the world. "The Belle of Mayfair," now running at Daly's, is distinctly of this class. The book of the piece is by Charles H. E. Brookfield, and the score by Louis Stuart, but "The Belle of Mayfair" is not a good example of the adage that "two heads are better than one." Once or twice in my life I may have seen a dueller and more thoroughly stupid libretto than that which marks this offering of Thomas W. Ryley. There are just three bright lines in the play: one of them stolen from Oscar Wilde, one from Jerome K. Jerome, and one from the New England Farmer's almanac for 1906. The libretto is a masterpiece of the kind that is rare in this country since the same composer sent us "Flodora." Of the songs, "Where You Go Will I Go," "What Will the World Say?" "My Little Girl is a Shy Little Girl," "The Weeping Willow Wept," and a bit of nonsense, called "I Know a Girl," are most delightful. There is a ditty entitled "Hello, Come Along,

Girls," that reminds one of the famous "Till Me, Pretty Maiden" number in "Flodora," and Valeska Suratt sings "Why Do They Call Me a Shy Girl?" I'm sure I don't know. Miss Suratt doesn't look any more like a Gibson girl than a beetle looks like a giraffe, but the song is ingeniously staged and cleverly managed. Each chorus Miss Suratt and a young gentleman drop into poses representing well known Gibson pictures, and the capital dances to the performance makes the song worth while. It was this number, by the way, which, rendered in London by Camille Clifford, caused Edna May to pack up her clothes and go out of the company of which she was principal member.

There are several very clever players in this presentation of "The Belle of Mayfair." Richard Carroll, long absent from Broadway; Van Rensselaer Wheeler, Ignacio Martinetti, and Christie MacDonald do excellent work, while Irene Bentley looks so charming that nobody minds the fact of her impersonation being as obviously hollow as ever. Bessie Clayton contributes the capital dances to the performance. "The Belle of Mayfair" is likely to last through the winter at Daly's.

George Broadhurst, formerly noted as the author of such farces as "What Happened to Jones" and "Why Smith Left Home," has written a serious play, "The Man of the Hour," which William A. Brady is presenting at the Savoy. Mr. Broadhurst has made several attempts to be serious in the past, notably with a piece called "The Last Chance," but never before has he made such an effort in this direction. He is crowned with success. "The Man of the Hour," however, promises to enjoy a considerable measure of popularity, if for no other reason, because of its bargain-counter quality. Mr. Broadhurst has followed the lead of Charles Klein in mind and putting it on the stage, dramatizing the newspapers, as it were. His present effort deals with corruption in municipal politics, and there seems to be enough of this nowadays to make a pretty long play.

The hero of the story is Alwyn Bennett, a young man of wealth and culture, who is installed in office as elected mayor through the influence of the political boss, Richard Harrigan, who intends to use him in pulling through a franchise bought and paid for by William A. Brady. However, Bennett's eyes are opened to the real purpose of his supporters, and he makes a stand against them. This, of course, involves the enmity of his sweetheart's father, and brings about the ancient theme of "love across the bloody chasm." In the end, the pure politician has his way, both as regards the municipality and as regards the regard of its most desired citizens. The

AMERICAN PLAYS IN ENGLAND.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Dec. 1.—Perhaps the terrific and well-known universal slating "Julie Bonbon" has received in London will be good medicine for American theatrical managers, although it rather hurts the feelings of us Americans in London. William Archer, who knows and admires the United States, and who undoubtedly would rather praise than blame any American play, says he thinks it is a pity that this play was ever sent across the Atlantic, because whatever is said of its adaptability to the requirements of English audiences, is bound to strengthen the idea that there is a prejudice here against American plays, and players.

Mr. Liebler said to the present writer in New York last summer, "Why is it that they hate American plays in England?" The answer was: "They don't, but the more demonstrative part of an English audience isn't used to the accent of some of the American players who are sent to England, and in some cases actually cannot understand all that is said. Furthermore, outside of musical comedy—where it doesn't matter much what is said or how it is said—the English audience requires a definite logical, clean-cut plot. There are, in almost every season, several American plays that would be welcomed in London if only they could be presented by American actors with some understanding and tolerance for London's peculiarities."

The books accorded to Clara Lipman and Louis Mann on the night of "Julie Bonbon" at the Waldorf this week were scarcely fair, any more than the criticisms in the London papers the next morning. But the play was so infinitely and illogically full of local allusions and customs that an English audience wouldn't be likely to understand, and was interpreted, so far as minor members of the company were concerned, by actors so ill-situated in voice and style to English notions, that the admirable work of the two principals was swallowed up in the general expression of disapproval.

"Arizona" was a comparative failure here, and "The Lion and the Mouse" was a complete failure, yet to this day, "Arizona" is mentioned by London play-goers as one of the best plays seen in London for years; and as for "The Lion and the Mouse," I have yet to hear of an intelligent and experienced English critic, professional or amateur, who has not had high praise for the play, as apart from the company. But both of these capital dramas were given by companies that had not been chosen—

in part at least—with a view to English tastes, particularly in the matter of accent. As a result, Breese, who can compare favorably with any English actor in force, sincerity and all-round dramatic ability, was disconcerted by snickers from the gallery at times when the situations in "The Lion and the Mouse" were most tense. If he had been at the trouble to go into training before hand and tone down what were to the English gallery gods laughable peculiarities in speech and manner, there would have been no question about his London success. Also, if some American actress with more London experience than Marie Illington had taken the principal part in the play—Eleanor Robson for instance—it is safe to assert that Klein's stirring play never would have come to grief in England.

If only a little more intelligence were used in the choice of American plays and players for exportation to London, there would be less talk about English prejudice against the home production, and less feeling on the part of some 20,000 Americans who are permanent residents of London that the best of American drama isn't often seen in England.

"Here is one who will be greater than I," said Henrik Ibsen of August Strindberg, at the outset of the latter's dramatic career, and Londoners have just had their first opportunity of deprecating the great Norwegian's pronouncement on his young Swedish contemporary was prophetic or not. Whether any work from Strindberg's pen has been produced in the United States we cannot say, but there was certainly power in each of the two short pieces of his which were given by the New Stage club at a special

piece is talky and preachy in spots, but has one or two good dramatic situations, and may be written down as a bit. The presenting company includes George Pawcett, Frank MacVicar, Douglas Fairbanks, James Wilson, John Flood, Frederick Perry, Lillian Kemble, and Viva Marolda.

In the pursuit of their intention to keep Eleanor Robson at the Liberty theater all season, the Liebler company has produced the third of the plays announced for his engagement. The piece in question was written by Clyde Fitch, is entitled "The Girl Who Has Everything," and was tried on the road last year with excellent results. It is a slender comedy, without any feature likely to be remembered long after the performance, but it has a number of those exceedingly bright and natural touches which have come to be called "Fitchy." There is a scene, for example, in a Harlem flat, which is so faithful to life that, having lived for years in the upper portion of New York, I came near clambering over the footlights and going to bed on the stage in a fit of absent-mindedness.

The story of the play almost suggests itself to an imaginative person who knows the title. "The Girl Who Has Everything," Mr. Fitch thinks, is the girl who has love, and the girl who is not loved has nothing to matter how much else she has. It is not a new idea, and the people will be inclined to agree with Mr. Fitch in inverse proportion to the number of years they have been married. This girl, whose name is Sylvia Lang, has, besides love, a disolute and unthrifty brother-in-law. This gentleman has stolen his wife's fortune, and to hide the fact, he secures from her, on her death-bed, a testament leaving him her property. Sylvia, to whom has been entrusted the care of the children, contests the will, and in her lawyer finds a sweetheart. They are on the point of marriage when the brother-in-law, Guy Weems, persuades the sister that if the suit is pressed he can and will be smothered by the honor of the dead wife, Sylvia, ignorant of this, misunderstands her sweetheart's disinclination to fight quarrels with him, and turns to another attorney. It is in the third act, after the suit has been won, that Weems comes to her room in an intoxicated condition. In his blind silence he reveals the whole truth and coolly proposes that she become his wife. The girl's revolt, her struggle with him, and the final acceptance of the little son at her cry, give to the piece that one necessary thrill, the lack of which has cost Mr. Fitch so many successes since he wrote "The Climbers." Miss Robson does the best work of her present season in the title role of the play, while Earle Brownson as Weems, and B. H. Warner, as the lawyer, are excellent. The real hit of the performance, however, is made by a child, Master Donald Gallagher, in the part of the little son.

tenant of the French army. They plot his destruction, and when Guimard unexpectedly stumbles into the tent, in deadly terror of an approaching dawn, Biskra proceeds to play on his mental agony until he is nearly demented. Biskra makes the unfortunate Guimard see visions of one of them the spectacle of his wife with a lover in his far away home in France. At length the tortured lieutenant succumbs to the strain and dies, while the dreaded alarm bells and rages around and Biskra and Yussef exchange congratulations.

The second Strindberg play given by the New Stage is called "The Stronger Woman." A certain Mrs. X, actress, confronts Miss Y, actress, at a cafe table. Miss Y, has been formerly adored by Mrs. X's husband. During the entire act, Miss Y sits Sphinx-like, while Mrs. X, pours forth a torrent of philosophic dissertation concerning the manner in which she won and retained her husband's love, in face of her rival's wiles. Miss Y, however, cannot be stung into retort. Only her eyes express her suffering,

and when Mrs. X, departs, triumphant, Miss Y, utterly breaks down.

Played by two exceedingly capable actresses, this latter piece made an unimpressive impression on the critical audience, and there seems to be more than a chance that some of Strindberg's longer works will be given a hearing in the metropolis ere long.

CURTIS BROWN.

OLD POINT COMFORT.

On a line due north from the Jamestown exposition grounds, about five miles distant across Hampton roads lies Old Point Comfort. It derives its name from the fact that the storm-beaten voyagers of the Susan Constant, the Godspeed and the Discovery, having put in at Cape Henry, met with a reception by the Indians which was only a variation of their trouble, and being speedily returned to their boats, they landed to reach their point of Jutting Point Comfort. Here they were saved from the dangers of the deep as well as from the menace of the savages, and hence the appropriation of the name they bestowed on their arduous after years—the world-famous of this resort as a scene of gay festivity. The Point Comfort of the year of state 1897 became in the latter half of the nineteenth century the Point Comfort through the enduring association of social revelry with historic tradition.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW ABOUT.

Melba keeps down her weight by taking three cold baths a day. W. W. Jacobs can never write more than one short story a month. The engagement of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., the world-famous, to Robert Hichens, the novelist, transpired among his relics but of the cigarette smoked by the ex-Empress Eugenie.

WISE JOHN.

Said a youngster whose name was John Hurd: "It has frequently to me occurred that my parents are no more. Might have named me John Sea. For a child should be seen and not heard."

—Sam S. Stinson in Lippincott's.

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Crowned and sceptered with a series of sweeping successes in other cities
The invincible cast also embraces BYRON DOUGLAS, JAMES KEANE, SAM REED, MALCOLM BRADLEY, HARRY FORD, ROSE EYTINGE, MARY FABER, KATE JEPSON, AUBREY BEATTIE, LAVINIA SHANNON and other important players.
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One of the Season's Best Offerings.
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